

# The High School Herald

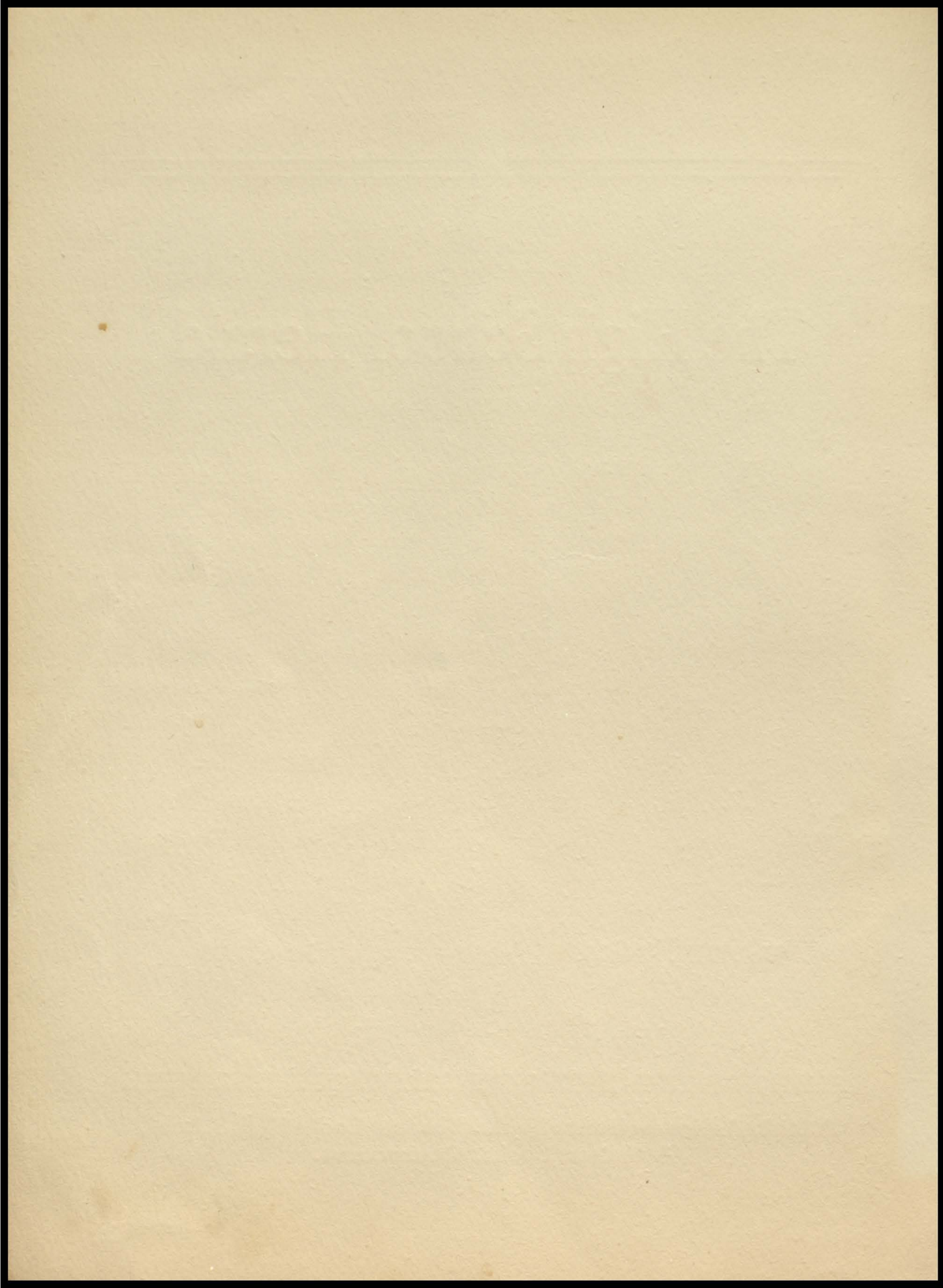


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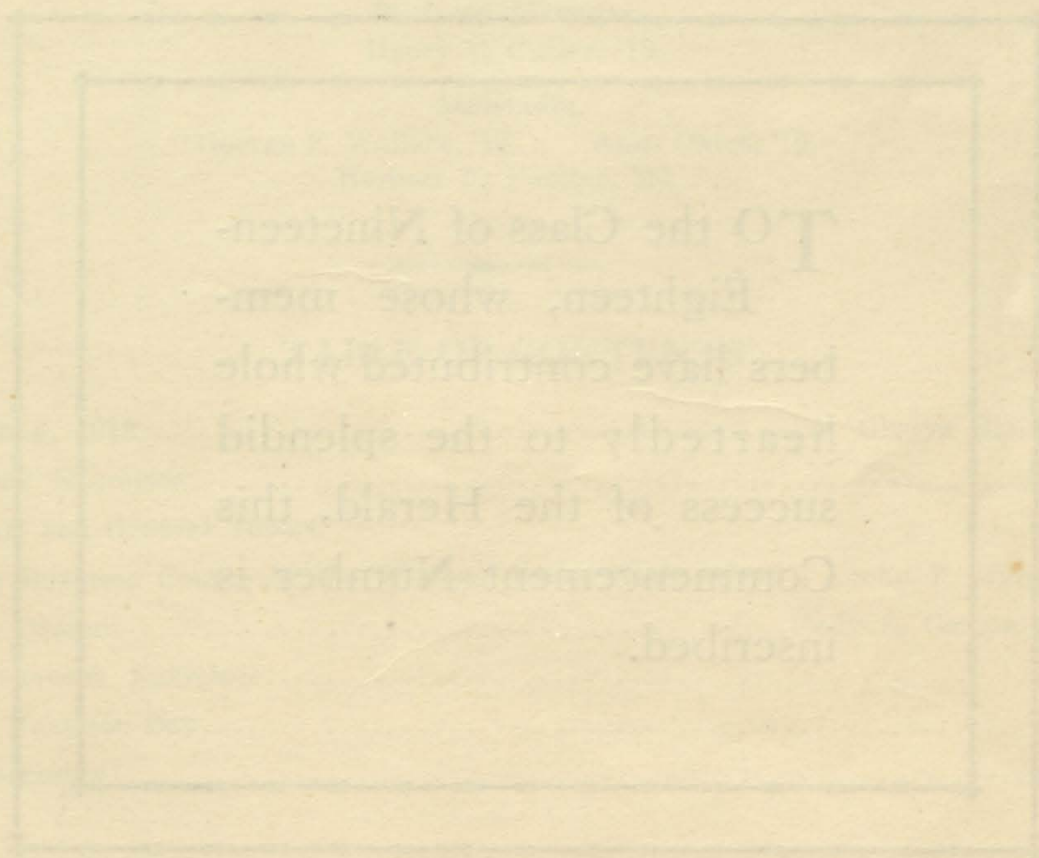
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Windsor Locks, Connecticut.





# The High School Herald

June 1918





TO the Class of Nineteen-  
Eighteen, whose mem-  
bers have contributed whole  
heartedly to the splendid  
success of the Herald, this  
Commencement Number is  
inscribed.



# The High School Herald

for

## June, 1918

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Business Manager,  
Henry L. Cutler, '18.

Assistants.  
George F. Wallace, '19,      Anna Oates, '19,  
Herbert F. Poulter, '20.

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### CLASS DAY EXERCISES

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## CLASS SONG.

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(Tune, "Juanita.")

Words by A. Gladys Rising

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Classmates we're gathered,  
For this happy time our last,  
Our four years sped quickly,  
Now High School days are passed.  
We the class of '18,  
Must strive to do our best,  
Let our High School teachings,  
Now be put to test.

### Chorus.

Farewell, Alma Mater,  
Farewell dear school we love so well,  
Joyful recollections,  
In our hearts shall dwell.

Travelling life's pathway,  
We will meet unpleasant ways,  
But we'll remember,  
Our High School days.  
When we chose our motto,  
Each resolved either to find  
A way, or make one,  
This we'll bear in mind.

This our last evening,  
Finds us loath to say farewell,  
For in our bosoms,  
Deepest feelings dwell.  
But we'll tear asunder,  
All the thoughts that now swell,  
Ever toiling onward,  
With a steady will.



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# CLASS DAY

JUNE 5

## PRESIDENT'S OPENING ADDRESS.

Classmates and Friends—It gives me great pleasure to welcome you here this evening. For four years we have been members of the Windsor Locks High School, enjoying the days we spent there. Now as we approach the end of our undergraduate life, and realize that our student days together will soon be over; we meet this evening as a class to enjoy our last good time together before bidding good-bye to the Windsor Locks High School.

Our class has a remarkably good record because of its class spirit. We have always tried to champion the right side in whatever questions have come up during our High School course. In our studies we have always tried to work well, yet have had plenty of fun, every one of us striving together toward one common goal, "Success." It took four years of patience and hard work to bring us to the position we hold to-night, but the fun mixed with the hard work, helped us to succeed.

To-night will be one of humor and merry-making for all of us; then to-morrow you will see the serious side of our school life, when we meet for really the last time as students of Windsor Locks High School. I hope that to-night, you will accept whatever is said in the same spirit in which it will be spoken.

Again let me assure you, friends, that we are all very glad to have you with us to-night, and that we will do our best to make this evening a happy and merry one for you.

Aguinaldo C. Migliora, '18.

## HISTORY.

"History repeats itself." We hear this often yet do we ever stop to realize how true the words are when spoken of High School Classes everywhere? History does repeat itself; year after year classes of boys and girls graduate from our high schools, academies, colleges, and universities. Year after year so much happens that is just the same as that which has happened other years. And yet—just as, by the law

of variation, no two people are ever just alike—so, by the same law, no two classes are ever just alike.

Our class, the Class of 1918, is unique in every particular. I will now proceed to tell you why and endeavor to give a short history of our four years in the High School as a class, telling in connection with each year something to show that we are unique.

In September, 1914, there entered into the Windsor Locks High School twenty-five pupils from the Windsor Locks, St. Mary's and the Warehouse Point grammar schools. We were the only class that ever entered the Windsor Locks High School in September of the year 1914. Does that not prove that even at the first we were unique?

Of course during our first days as Freshmen we had to endure many embarrassing incidents, such as going to the wrong class rooms, or forgetting to go at all until we were reminded by someone, and I am sure no other class ever had that experience. However, we soon became used to the routine and settled down to a year of uneventful but hard work much of which was accomplished in the subterranean regions occupied by the chemical laboratory.

After a delightful and well-earned vacation—better earned than by any other class, because we had worked so much harder than any other boys and girls ever did, we returned to the High School as Sophomores, but only eighteen in number. At the beginning of our second year we elected as officers of the Sophomore Class, John Byrne, President, Elmer Leary, Vice-President, and Henry Cutler as Secretary.

During the year a Currents Events Club and a Debating Club were formed. At the meetings of these clubs we gained that perfect knowledge of Parliamentary Law, which has since made our class meetings run smoothly. Because of our deep interest in Spanish and Biology, we as Sophomores were entirely free from the silly and foolish habits that characterize Sophomores everywhere else in the United States.

In September, 1916, only thirteen out of the original twenty-five continued their pursuit of knowledge in the Windsor Locks High School. What class but ours would ever have dared to continue in school and



appear cheerful with such an unlucky number overshadowing them?

One of the most important incidents during our career as Juniors was the Junior Prize Essay Contest, the first two honors of which, were won by Gladys Rising and Irene Gourley.

The most important event, however, occurred when three of our number joined the volunteer fire department of Windsor Locks. On May 17, 1917, John Byrne and Louis Metelli, more commonly called "Jack" and "Schloo," led by our worthy president, Aguinardo Migliora, more often called, "Aggie," extinguished a great forest fire that was raging over the western section of the town. Great credit is due them for this performance.

A few weeks later we saw the class of "Sedate Seniors" leave the High School, and we began to realize that in one year more we too would be leaving.

When our vacation was over twelve Seniors returned to experience the trials and pleasures of our last year in the High School. Our first duty was to organize our class, and select pins. This, as always, was an extremely serious and momentous occasion, but we assure you that our class passed thru the crisis safely and at last secured our pins and rings, with our feathers all unruffled. But I have forgotten one very, very, important affair. How could I have been so careless. But you will excuse me I know; for all great historians are apt to suffer from occasional mental aberrations, that is we are apt to forget. I have here a letter which I will read to you and which will sufficiently explain itself.

98 Homestead Ave., Hartford, Conn.,  
Sept. 5, 1917.

Mr. Aguinardo C. Migliora,  
President of the Class of 1918,  
Windsor Locks High School,  
Windsor Locks, Conn.

Dear Sir:—

I hereby wish to tender you my formal resignation as a member of the Class of 1918, Windsor Locks High School. It is with the very deepest regret that I sever my connection with you, for I feel that you will greatly miss the weight of my presence. I shall still be with you, in one sense, for I shall still be a member of the Windsor Locks High School, tho of the Class of 1919. I have decided to become a member of that noble profession that has been graced by such men as Rufus Choate, Wil-

liam Blackstone and Ex-President William Howard Taft.

Therefore I must leave the Commercial and enter the College Preparatory Department; this will of necessity add a year to my High School course.

Again allow me to express my deep regret at leaving you, and to sign myself

Wilfrid Francis Callahan.

On December 4th, a lunch was served in the bookkeeping Room of the High School to the Visiting School Committees from several towns, as well as to many of the students and townspeople; on January 21st a successful Whist was given by the Seniors. The proceeds of both the lunch and the whist were added to our graduation funds.

As one of the pleasures of our senior year we attended Parson's theatre, to see Shakespeare's "Hamlet," played; and later attended a class party given by Gladys Rising. In each instance we passed a very enjoyable time, even tho we could not help but realize that such good times would soon for us, as a class of the Windsor Locks High School be only pleasant past history.

In conclusion let me say that we wish to express the sincere hope that we will be thought of, one and all, in the future, as a class that always endeavored to do all it could for the honor of our school.

Our paths thru life will now diverge, perhaps very widely, but when we reach the success we hope for, we will look back over the past with pride and pleasure, and at all times be glad to greet any of our classmates, the boys and girls of the Class of 1918.

Edith Williams, '18.

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### STATISTICS.

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The chief merit of any phase of statistics lies in the fact that it permits a study of conditions by means of comparison. Therefore in order that our friends may gain knowledge of the Class of 1918 my aim has been to collect all facts of interest pertaining to them and to present them very accurately and painstakingly. You may be sure that these figures and facts that I shall give you will be absolutely, historically correct.

First let me give you statistics in regard to our class as a whole. Our favorite amusements are: Sewing for the Red Cross; dancing and going to whist parties. Our misdemeanors are: Whispering and



humming, eating life-savers, peanuts and candy and changing from the back to the front seats.

Our favorite hymn is: "Thy Way Not Mine." Our favorite popular song: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Us." Our favorite classic: "Hamlet." Now let me undertake to give you an idea of each member of our worthy class.

At a recent class meeting, the most serious one ever conducted by our president, the following votes were taken after long and deep deliberation. Handsomest boy in the class, Henry Cutler; thinks he is, Jarvis Morse. Handsomest girl in the class, Laura McCue; thinks she is, Violet Eagan. Best singer among the girls, Margaret O'Brien; thinks she is, Edith Williams. Best singer among the boys, Louis Metelli; thinks he is, John Byrne. Best debater among the boys, A. Migliora; thinks he is, Jarvis Morse. Best debater among the girls, Margaret O'Brien; thinks she is, Irene Gourley. Best actor in the class, Jarvis Morse. Best actress, Gladys Rising. Best typist among the boys, Henry Cutler. Best typist among the girls, Gladys Rising. Best dancer among the girls, Edith Williams; thinks she is, Laura McCue. Best dancer among the boys, A. Migliora; thinks he is, John Byrne. Most dignified girl, Laura McCue. Most dignified boy, John Byrne. Least dignified girl, Gladys Rising. Least dignified boy, Jarvis Morse. Most mischievous girl, Margaret O'Brien. Most mischievous boy, Jarvis Morse. Biggest bluffer among the boys, Louis Metelli. Biggest bluffer among the girls, Irene Gourley. Biggest grind among the boys, Henry Cutler. Biggest grind among the girls, Violet Eagan. Teachers' pet among the boys, Henry Cutler. Teachers' pet among the girls, Irene Gourley.

The favorite amusement of the individual members of our class is as follows: A. Migliora, teaching social activities among the freshmen girls. John Byrne, getting up according to the new day-light plan at 5.00 a. m. Jarvis Morse, hatching out overheated incubator eggs. Laura McCue, going to the movies. Henry Cutler, eating mints. Violet Eagan, flirting. Edith Williams, bicycle riding. Irene Gourley, going to the movies. Gladys Rising, running a kindergarten on Clay Hill. Louis Metelli, singing hymns. Margaret O'Brien, knitting.

According to my observation and that of others, the following is the favorite study of each member of the class: Henry Cutler, Physics. Louis Metelli, Caesar. John Byrne,

Commercial Law. A. Migliora, Virgil. Laura McCue, Astronomy. Violet Eagan, Ancient History. Edith Williams, Book-keeping. Irene Gourley, Algebra. Jarvis Morse, Spanish. Margaret O'Brien, Geometry. Gladys Rising, Advanced Algebra.

The favorite slang expression of each member of the class is: Louis Metelli, "Take it easy its going to be a hot night." A. Migliora, "Tough kicking." Laura McCue, "Oh Bubbles!" Violet Eagan, "Oh! you're too fresh." John Byrne, "Oh Boy!" Henry Cutler, "Fair Potatoes." Irene Gourley, "Oh Heavens!" Margaret O'Brien, "Gosh." Jarvis Morse, "Oh Shucks!" Gladys Rising, "Oh! what do you think?"

We are very proud to say that there is one member of the Class of 1918 who never uses slang. She deserves the very special mention, which I hereby give her. Her name is—Edith Williams.

Our class is an unusual class and at the close of one of our famous class meetings we took time to vote upon some unusual things. We know that all of us are likely to become famous—some more than others, of course, so we voted as to which of us were most likely to gain special mention, and herewith I give you the results of that voting. Member of class most likely to become president of the United States, John Byrne; one most likely to become first congresswoman from Connecticut, Irene Gourley; one likely to become a well-known artist, Henry Cutler; one most likely to become a well-known author, Margaret O'Brien.

So far I have given you statistics which you will readily understand represent the lighter side of our High School life, yet a side which really means a good deal to us, as to every other class. Our school life would have been incomplete and one-sided without the fun and jests, which relieved our more serious hours and it is these very jests that have really helped to knit closer together in a bond of student fellowship.

Now, before I close let me tell you something else about our class, this time something truly serious. We were only Juniors when our country took her stand against the autocrats who would force their ideas of world empire upon the world, but we were old enough to realize what that step meant. We knew that our United States of America had entered the ranks in the only way she could enter, as the champion of true democracy, and we were proud of her, every one of us. We were all ready to do our part, young though we



were, we are ready now and we always will be ready to do whatever we can for this country that is our homeland. These then are statistics of which we are truly proud, and it is the thought of these statistics I wish to leave with you to-night that we, the Class of 1918, of the Windsor Locks High School are all, every boy and girl true loyal Americans, ready always to do our bit "to make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, that a new glory may shine in the face of our people."

Gertrude Dowd, '18.

### PRESENTATIONS—PART I.

We are gathered for the last time as Seniors of the Windsor Locks High School—that is, for the last jolly time. Our happy High School days are over, but the memories of those happy days will long remain with us. I have with me this evening, a few little gifts for the members of my class, to help them remember those by-gone days.

I think it is only proper that I should first ask our class president, Aguinaldo Migliora, to step forward.

Aguinaldo—You have been a very busy man during the last four years and I know how unpleasant and tantalizing it is to be hindered when one is so busy. I have noticed that some of your Spring street customers find it necessary to hinder you quite often with a complaint that your assistants do not deliver the papers promptly. They stand off a few rods from the house reading the news before presenting the paper at the door. Take this bag, which you will see is equipped with a Yale lock, and with its aid you may be able to deliver your papers in the future without such frequent complaints from your customers.

Laura McCue—Laura a few days ago while walking on a certain street here in our town, I noticed a young lady, with almost no cause, rush madly into the middle of the street. Upon coming nearer to the spot I could see that the young lady was you, Laura. You were doing a noble act, for out of a ring of dogs you seemed to be rescuing a small child. This small boy, however, was far from thankful, for you had disturbed his little wrestling

match. But to see this child supposedly being eaten up by the dogs, gave you a great fright. So take this muzzle Laura, and with it you will be able to muzzle at least one of those savage dogs. This done we hope you will be able to store up your nervous energy for greater and more trying occurrences.

Violet Eagan—Violet, when in the grades we were taught that it ruined our books to stuff them with papers, letters, etc. Have you forgotten those teachings? I fear you have for now you have a great fondness for filling up your books with Y. M. C. A. envelopes containing letters from "Over There." Here is a little file; in the future please use it for all such letters.

John Byrne—John, it must be a little discouraging to find that you are dissatisfied with your chosen course in High School. You know you informed us the other day that you wished you had entered the college preparatory instead of the commercial course. Cheer up John! Take this Latin grammar and begin at once to study for college entrance exams.

Margaret O'Brien—Margaret, you are the tiniest girl in our class and many times I have envied you when you have been able to slide down behind some other larger classmate in the main room, and whisper without being seen. Then it was such an advantage, for unlike the small girl in the proverb, you were heard, but not seen. But I fear your slowness of figure is going to be a disadvantage before long, for if the war continues, women, in various kinds of manual labor, will have to take the place of men, and to do this efficiently they must be large and strong. So take these dumb bells, Margaret, and practice with them night and morning, and I am sure your stature will increase rapidly.

Gertrude Dowd—Gertrude, You have sewed faithfully with us at the meetings of the Junior Red Cross, where we have all done some very fine work. But Gertrude, you know the better one is equipped the better work she can do, so take this thimble and learn to use it, in order that your sewing may be even better in the future.

Just one word before you leave,  
For I've a suggestion for you,  
Of course you'll cherish this little gift,  
But I want you to be generous too.  
The other girls in the class, you know,  
Have never used a thimble,  
So pass it around, that they may learn,  
For 'twill help make their fingers nimble.

A. Gladys Rising, '18.



## PRESENTATIONS—PART II.

Henry Cutler—Henry, you seemed at one time to be having hard work during chemistry class to overcome the drowsiness which resulted from working with the different chemicals that were used in your experiments. So, here, take this gas mask that you may in the future work in your laboratory without any fear of being asphyxiated.

Irene Gourley—How glad we are, Irene, that you are here on time to-night without being all out of breath. How did such a surprising thing ever happen? Did some one bring you down? Or did you make a mistake and get up by still another new Daylight Saving Plan? Now in the future, that you may not be all out of breath when you keep your various appointments, take this little car and may it by its magic power bring you safely on time wherever you wish to go. By the way, this car must be carefully dusted every day, or it will lose this magic power which makes it different from any other car ever constructed.

Louis Metelli—Louis you have been giving the teachers a great deal of trouble this year down in the back seat smiling, whispering to your neighbors, and disturbing the students all around you. Here, Louis take this telephone that in the future you may telephone your message across whatever room you are in without fear of anyone hearing you. If the telephone gets out of order for any reason, carry it at once to the Southern New England Telephone Company for repairs.

Gladys Rising—Gladys, you have been having a difficult task this year trying to work out some of the problems that have come up in your second year Algebra Course. I present you with a candle which I selected with care on a special trip to New York City, so you may see light when you are in the dark in your pursuit of any unknown quantity.

Jarvis Morse—We were all very much surprised a few weeks ago to learn that you had been having trouble in your Latin Class. Knowing that Latin has always been one of your favorite studies, and that you have always received good marks in that subject, we naturally wondered why you should be having any trouble. So I took it upon myself to investigate very thoroughly. And to my great surprise I learned that during your Virgil recitation one day, in your haste and anxiety to translate your lines to the best of your ability

you became excited and tore a huge rent in your clothes. And what is more, I was informed that you mended this tear yourself with some brown thread borrowed from the Sophomore Members of the High School Junior Red Cross. As you wore a brown suit that day, we are convinced that you used brown thread because you wished no clashing of colors about your clothes. So I herewith present you with these needles and this box which contains spools of thread of all colors, so that in case of any future accident you may be properly prepared.

Edith Williams—Edith, I spent long, weary hours, and burned many gallons of midnight oil, wondering what I could give you. One night I wondered so long that I fell asleep at my task. And in my sleep I dreamed a marvelous dream. I saw you at the head of an Agricultural College in our Great Northwest. Some of your students may prove unmanageable, so I am going to present you with this ruler—so that you may always be able to keep good order.

Now, Classmates, we have given each of you a little token of remembrance; we have given these tokens in a good and friendly spirit and we trust they have been received in the same manner. Slight though these gifts are, may they serve to remind you of your past school days, and may they call to your mind the many good times that we have enjoyed together as classmates in the Windsor Locks High School.

Laura McCue, '18.

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 PROPHECY.

Have you ever stopped to think how many things we may learn from flowers? And did you ever know that some flowers have prophetic gifts? Perhaps that is hard to believe, but if you will listen you will see that I am right. The boys and girls of our class, wise and thoughtful long ago in the course of their studies at Windsor Locks High School discovered that all flowers have prophetic power to a greater or less degree. Therefore, they were careful to choose as their own the flower that could most help their prophetic to see into the future, and tell her truly what the coming years would bring to her classmates. Let me tell you how I, as prophetic of my class, came to learn from these beautiful Jack roses—the future of my classmates.

One warm day while sitting on the grass near my home I saw approaching a



very old, bent, queer looking little man. He stopped as he reached me and asked why I was staring so intently into space. I answered, "I am wondering what my classmates of the Windsor Locks High School will be doing ten years from now." He answered with a great show of interest, "If you will go to the southern part of the town, about two miles from any house, you will find a beautiful rose garden. It belongs to me and you may pick eleven of the most beautiful ones, one for each member of your class." "These," he said, "Will tell you truly of the whereabouts and doings of all your classmates ten years from now."

Needless to say I went that night to the garden and gathered eleven of the beautiful Jack roses which I found there. I picked them very slowly, very carefully—with much thoughtful deliberation. As I picked each rose I looked way down deep into its heart looking for something that would reveal the future of my classmates. And in each rose I caught a glimpse of the future, a true glimpse I feel sure. I hurried home with my roses often glancing into them to see if the vision was still there. I walked thru the most unfrequented streets in order not to meet the crowds who might unintentionally hurt my flowers. After arriving home I again looked into each one and then wrapped them in dampened paper and put them in the cool, dark cellar to keep for this evening. I went down several times to make sure I had not been dreaming and that the vision was only a figment of my imagination. But no, it was there as clear as ever. I have guarded them carefully and brought them here to-night that my classmates and friends may know of my vision.

I see a long, dusty street. There are many people there and yet the street runs close by an open lot. They are all looking most intently up at the sky. Ah! I can see a tiny speck coming nearer and nearer to the earth. It is an airplane and has now landed safely. But what has this to do with my classmates? Oh, who is that at the wheel but our worthy President, Aguin-aldo Migliora. He has just returned from a trial flight preparatory to establishing an aerial mail route between two of our large cities, Windsor Locks and New York.

I see a large city and crowds of people. Now looming large in the foreground I see an enormous building and a great many little children around it. Surely my classmates have not become elves! But no there are several women looking after the chil-

dren. One of them seems to be supervisor. She looks familiar, who can it be. She is talking to the children now and by her way of talking to them I recognize her as no other than our Vice-President, Gladys Rising.

I see a large room. It cannot be a home as it is too bare. There are many filing cabinets and several desks and one large table, around which several men are seated. One is the familiar figure of the President of the United States, but who can the others be. The President is talking and one man is taking notes. Now it is all clear. It is the President talking to his cabinet and the man taking notes is the President's private secretary, John Byrne, former secretary of the Class of 1918 of the Windsor Locks High School.

What! has the vision failed! Everything looks dark! Have I after all made a mistake? It cannot be! Hark, I hear singing; now I see a crowd of people coming out of a large building. They have been listening to some wonderful thing I can tell from the rapt expression on their faces. I do not recognize anyone in the crowd, what can it mean. Here comes one down the aisle, who is it? Now I understand it all, the singer is no other than Laura McCue, the one time treasurer of our class.

Now I see a group of large buildings and a campus. It is a scene at one of the large colleges. There are many young men around the buildings. Coming out of one of them is a very dignified looking man who is evidently a professor. Who can it be? Can it be one of my classmates or is there one of them among the young men on the campus? Indeed, the professor is one of my old classmates. It is Henry Cutler, professor of chemistry at Yale university.

What is this? Oh, a great crowd of people listening to a woman speaker. She is telling how easy it is to take care of the home and at the same time do campaigning. She must be an interesting speaker as every one is attentive. Did we have a suffragette in our class that we did not know about? We must have had as the speaker is no other than our old friend, Gertrude Dowd.

Now here is a crowd of people coming slowly out of a large brick church. There is no one among them all who looks like one of my classmates. Wait though! Here comes a few more people and with them is a short, solemn looking man who must be the minister. He doesn't look like any of the Class of 1918 unless—why of



course, after looking very closely I see that the minister is no other than our old classmate Louis Metelli.

What is this? Oh! it is a fine, large farm which is being run on a very scientific plan. There is a dairy and everything in it is white and clean. Several women are here dressed in white and one of them is giving a lecture. Who can be here? Why the woman lecturing is our former classmate Edith Williams, owner of this large up to date farm.

Now this seems to be another large crowd but this time it is inside a hall. The first speaker has finished. Everyone is quiet and waiting expectantly for the next one to appear. I did not recognize the first speaker but who is the one just now beginning? He must be famous as everyone seems anxious for him to begin. Oh, who is it but our old friend, Jarvis Morse.

What and where can this be? Why it is a session of Congress at Washington! There are the Congressmen, yes, and also Congresswomen. Who is that woman speaking now? She looks familiar. Why yes, of course she does, for it is Margaret O'Brien, formerly of the Class of 1918 of the Windsor Locks High School. She is now one of our principal Connecticut Congresswomen.

Why I wonder what all these women are doing? And such a large room? Oh! I see, it is a Red Cross room and the women are being taught the art of sewing. Who can be here? Who is the teacher but Irene Gourley, who was at one time an active member of the Junior Red Cross of the Windsor Locks High School.

And now dear friends I trust you do not all hesitate to believe that what the roses have said will come true. Ten years from now when you will have the pleasure of reading about my classmates and their great achievements, I am sure you will find them occupying the various positions about which you have heard to-night from the roses and filling them as successfully as they have carried out any task, no matter how complicated, which they have undertaken during their High School course.

Violet M. Eagan, '18.

#### ADVICE TO THE UNDERGRADUATES.

Undergraduates of the Windsor Locks High School:—

We, the Class of 1918, feel an overwhelming desire on this occasion to offer

you a few words of serious advice, hoping that you will profit by our experiences, (since I am sure we are the most serious minded class that ever passed thru the Windsor Locks High School), and thereby lessen the numebr of difficulties you will have to overcome before reaching your long-hoped-for goal, "Graduation."

First of all, let each one of you remember that school begins promptly at 8.30 a. m. I have a suggestion to make to three of you undergraduates, namely, George Francis Wallace, Raymond Earl Kilty and Herbert Frederick Poulter, that next fall when the clocks are turned back an hour and the Daylight Saving Plan is no longer in effect that you three boys do not change your watches. Keep them as they are and see if you can possibly get to school on time, or at least see if you can get to your seats by 8.29 a. m., without being all out of breath.

Then about the matter of whispering. From bitter experience in our not far distant past, we have learned that whispering is apt to prove a joy of short duration. Therefore, remember,—never, NEVER whisper and you will be happy—but—you'll be fearfully lonesome.

We must congratulate you, Juniors, upon your recent Prize Essay Contest. The speaking on this occasion was certainly a credit to the Junior Class and to the entire High School. You have shown a marked degree of brilliancy in all your undertakings this past year, and we hope you will be able to continue your good work next year with no lessening or dimming of your educational star. You might well take the Class of 1918 as an unexcelled example and try to do as well as we have done all this year, altho we know this will be very, very difficult, if not altogether impossible. We hope you will not lose any more boys from your class, for you have lost so many lately that your numbers now stand in the proportion of eight girls to four boys. When Stephen Sullivan left you it must have been discouraging, for you know Stephen was at least six feet tall and quite broad and I am sure it will take all of Wallace's height and Callahan's width to fill up the space he left behind him.

We would advise that none of the Junior girls overstudy during the next year with any idea of ever becoming lawyers, even tho at present, to the impartial observer, you do seem to have something of a leaning toward the weighty profession of the law.



Sophomores:—

Again and again we have heard you say,  
 "Oh if school wouldn't keep on Saturday;  
 I'd go to the movies, I'd bake a pie,  
 I'd read a good book or in bed I'd lie.  
 I'd do lots of things, I know I would,  
 That Saturday session is no good!"  
 Then one fine day you laid a plot,  
 You talked and talked and talked a lot,  
 And then what happened? One freezing  
 day,

Poor Douglas Coffin alone they say  
 Went to the English class the only boy  
 Amongst five girls, oh untold joy!  
 Yes untold joy, when Monday came  
 Four boys arrived with excuses lame.  
 They thawed out pipes, they had to work!  
 They had many tasks they wouldn't shirk!  
 But alack and alas! To their dismay  
 They stayed after school for many a day  
 Doing lessons galore for make up work.  
 They found those were tasks they couldn't  
 shirk!

But Mac and Larson and Parmelee  
 After awhile had their time of glee  
 When one lovely sunny Saturday  
 Helen Murray, alone they say,  
 Was the only, only Sophomore girl  
 To enjoy the High School's busy whirl!  
 The boys had their innings then, we know  
 And the girls' jolly spirits were somewhat  
 low.

So accept a word of advice, we pray,  
 Do as we've always done, come to school  
 each day.  
 And if school keeps Saturdays, never fear,  
 Just grin and bear it all the year!

Flighty, frivolous, freshmen. These  
 are names commonly applied to Freshmen  
 classes in general, but after careful thought  
 we have come to the conclusion that these  
 adjectives surely apply to you, the present  
 Freshman Class of the Windsor Locks High  
 School, better than to any other freshman  
 class we have ever known.

Freshmen, we beg you to accept these  
 weighty words of admonition. First of all,  
 please be content to own only your own  
 seats in the future, don't lay claim to all  
 the seats in the Main Room.

Secondly, we beg of you to accept our  
 congratulations upon one thing, namely,  
 you are the only class in the entire history  
 of the Windsor Locks High School, to have  
 reached that lofty pinnacle of algebraic  
 prominence which is denoted by two forty  
 minute periods of instruction each day in  
 the noble pursuit of the unknown quantity.  
 Even then there are some of you, especially

those living in the vicinity of Grove street,  
 that have extra sessions after school occa-  
 sionally.

Thirdly,—In the future, please follow  
 the example of at least two of our worthy  
 class in one particular, try never to be late  
 with excuses; but if you must be late,  
 excuse yourself to the teacher in charge of  
 excuses, get an excuse blank, excuse your-  
 self to go home, and even tho you may be  
 excusedly delayed on the way, excuse not  
 yourself for the delay, but hasten back  
 with the excuse blank properly signed.  
 After deliberation, I have appointed the  
 following committee to see that excuses are  
 brought in on time next year—Miles Biardi,  
 Chairman, Gertrude Shaughnessy, Sebas-  
 tian Botasso, Anna Molloy, George Wallace,  
 Malcolm MacDonald and Raymond Kilty.  
 If you co-operate with this committee I am  
 sure it will never again be truthfully said  
 of you—"You are better at making excuses  
 than bringing them."

Just one final word before bidding you  
 farewell, may you strive to the utmost to  
 make our High School one that you as  
 students, we as graduates, and the towns-  
 people as supporters will point with respect  
 and pride.

Margaret B. O'Brien, '18.

#### RESPONSE FOR SCHOOL.

We, the graduates of the Windsor  
 Locks High School, after having listened  
 very attentively, wish to extend our sincere  
 thanks for the weighty words of wisdom  
 you have seen fit to say to us to-night.

There are, however, a few words which  
 I, in behalf of the undergraduates, wish to  
 say in our defense.

Although for your first two years you  
 richly deserve some praise—nevertheless,  
 you, the class of 1918, have recently been  
 called a dead class. Is it not a fact, Seniors,  
 that you failed to recognize your Saluta-  
 torian until he had been formally intro-  
 duced to you by the faculty; and is it not a  
 well known truth that some of your girls  
 are so sleepy that about every morning  
 during the past year they failed to hear the  
 bell, and rushed around the corner from the  
 girls' hall just in time for Morning Exer-  
 cises? For these and many other reasons  
 too numerous to mention, we award you  
 the honor of being the quietest, the most  
 nearly dead class that has ever passed  
 thru this High School.

There are certain other of your char-



acteristics as a class about which, I believe, the audience here assembled would be very glad to hear, First, you are extraordinarily careful of your health. The atmosphere of the back room did not seem to agree with some of the Senior boys, in fact, it disagreed with them to such a great extent that some of them of their own accord took seats in a greener and fresher clime, that is—with the Freshmen. Secondly, Seniors, as a class you have been very patriotic, some of you even to the extent of dropping German this year, but on the other hand another member of the class contracted a new form of our enemy's frightfulness in the shape of measles which was at first reported to be of the German variety.

We heard it said to-night that Callahan and Wallace might possibly be able to fill Sullivan's place, and so keep the balance of weight and numbers between the boys and girls of our own class—of course Callahan and Wallace can do it—the boys of our class can do anything. However, allow me to ask one humble question. Can you Seniors boast of any two boys would ever have been able to take the place of any one of the boys of our class who might have left school? But let give honor where honor is due. Although we may equal you in Weight and Scholarship and Dignity, Seniors, we can never hope to equal you in the number of hours you require for a class-meeting. Last year's class was called vain and "fussy," but what class has ever required from four to six hours to decide such simple questions as the following:—

"Shall our class colors be pale green and orange, or orange and pale green?" "Shall we call our next Mid-Winter Reception and Dance, A Reception or a Dance?" "Shall we decorate the Hall with violets or timothy grass?" "Shall our exercises the week of June seventh constitute a Graduation or Commencement Program?" "Shall we have more than one girl speak at graduation?" "Is it Hooverizing to have a Class Flower?"

So much for the lighter side of my response to your advice—now for the more serious words.

With all your faults, with all your troubles. Seniors, we must give you credit for the lofty standard which you as a class have really kept before you during your four years in Windsor Locks High School, and we as undergraduates will endeavor to reach successfully the goal which you have striven for and won. Moreover, we sincerely hope that in after years we may hear that you, the Class of 1918, succeeded as

well in the outside world as you have in the little red school on the hill. So, accept our best wishes for the future, and rest assured that we Undergraduates of Windsor Locks High School will, as you have exhorted us to-night—strive to the utmost to make our High School one, that we as students, you as graduates, and the townspeople as supporters, will point to with respect and pride.

Raymond E. Kilty, '19.

### CLASS WILL.

Know all men by these presents, that I, the Spirit of the Class of 1918, of the Windsor Locks High School, Town of Windsor Locks, County of Hartford, State of Connecticut, United States of America, being of sound and disposing mind do make, declare and publish this, my last will and testament and all former instruments made by me are hereby revoked.

As by the Grace of God, I, like others who have gone before me, have been allowed my allotted time, and full enjoyments of such "faculties" as have been given me, and as my "principals" have always been above reproach, I feel at liberty to place some condition upon the bequests about to be made.

We give, devise and bequeath to the Juniors the seats vacated by us, the Class of 1918, hoping that they will fill them with a spirit of humble gratitude to their superiors, the Senior Class. Of course never again will the Senior seats be as well filled as they have been this past year—but we will hope for the best. Possibly Wilfrid Callahan may be able at least partially to fill Henry Cutler's seat.

We give, devise and bequeath to the Sophomores, our appreciation of the fact that they compose the grandest class we have ever seen for disapproving of the Saturday sessions of school.

We give, devise and bequeath to the Freshmen, the sum of 27c, obtained by taking up a collection in our class, to provide them with rubber heels so that in the future they will not disturb the grades in passing from one recitation room to another.

To various members of the under-classes, we as individual Seniors do bequeath the following items of unknown value, and to their heirs and assignees to have and to hold forever—

To Douglas Coffin, Henry Cutler bequeaths his ability to sing and we hope



Douglas, that with this ability and your knowledge of the art, you may qualify for leadership of the Windsor Locks High School mixed quartet at its next public appearance. Henry bequeaths to you also his ruler for you to use as a baton in conducting the singing of the quartet.

To Sebastian Botasso, John Byrne bequeaths all his knowledge of elocution, so that at all future rhetorical appearances of the class of 1921, Botasso may outshine all other members of the school—in fervor and eloquence and have an extremely stimulating effect upon the ambition of his class.

To Anna Leary, Violet Eagan bequeaths all her interest in Woman's Suffrage and we hope Anna with your knowledge of this subject and your enthusiasm for it you will represent the State of Connecticut in Congress in the near future.

To Helen Shepard, Edith Williams gives devises and bequeaths all her knowledge of Biology, as it can be applied to gardening, in order that this summer in her craze for a better war garden than her neighbors, she may not lose weight as she frantically tends her fields of potatoes, salsify, rutabaga, rhubarb, peppers, parsely, gumbo, mustard, to say nothing of kohlrabi, garlic and collards. We sincerely hope, Helen, that your garden will be a success.

I give, devise and bequeath to the Freshman girls a bag of magic dust of silence, for they compose the greatest group of girls for whispering that ever entered the High School.

To Carl Larson, Aguinaldo Migliora bequeaths a book on "Social Intercourse" and we hope Carl, that after reading this volume you will be sure to profit by it. Aguinaldo has spent many long hours upon this book, to make it a work of art, and has had it bound in Morocco for your special benefit. May you always keep it and appreciate it. You may have it upon application at John F. McKenna's news stand.

To Wilfrid Callahan, Jarvis Morse bequeaths the following article of inestimable value:—

A lock of his wavy auburn hair for he realizes that Callahan has always had a special fondness for various shades of red.

To the Junior Girls, we as a Class give, devise and bequeath an automatic electric alarm. This apparatus is to be used to inform them when it is 3 o'clock, and we hope during the remainder of their High School career, they will not be so eager for study after school hours that they will have to be told when to go home.

To John Shaughnessy, Gladys Rising bequeaths the following articles: One quart of ink, a box of pens, one dozen pen holders and a ream of paper. We hope John that with this material you may practice enough so that during the rest of your High School career, special lessons in penmanship will not have to be given after three o'clock.

To the German Class, Division 2, Gertrude Dowd gives, devises and bequeaths to each member a megaphone, so that in the future the teacher may hear their recitations.

To Fred Warns, Laura McCue gives, devises and bequeaths a First Grade Reader, upon which she has spent many long thoughtful hours. The stories and exercises in this book are all original and I am sure they possess great literary value. A careful study of this book will enable you Fred, to talk in a more grown manner, and not like a two-year old child. It also will help you acquire and use a vocabulary and pronunciation fitting a Senior. So just study the book carefully and you will be sure to succeed.

I do nominate and appoint Mr. Leander Jackson to be Executor of this, my last will and testament in the presence of the witnesses below, this 5th day of June, in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighteen.

Spirit of the Class of 1918.

Signed, sealed, declared and published by the said spirit of the class of 1918, as his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at his request and in his presence and the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto: Anna Oates, Robert Parmelee, Gertrude Shaughnessy, Wilfrid Francis Callahan, Attorney at Law.

Louis Metelli, '18.

"Why is Germany like Holland?"

"Because she is low, lying, and damned on every side."

A rectangle is a figure described by Jobling as a thing that has come round all right and been square.

Why is that people always blush and simper when asked to give their middle names?

Because one authority has remarked that all well known people have no middle names.

A jutty is an angel on a house.



## EDITORIALS AND GENERAL TOPICS

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Editor-in-Chief,  
Jarvis M. Morse, '18.

Assistants,  
Wilfrid Callahan, '19.  
Irene Gourley, '18. Nady Compaine, '20.  
Fred W. Warns, '19. Harold F. Rupert, '21.

Alumni Editor.  
Marjorie Griswold, '17.

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### BUSINESS COURSE OF THE WINDSOR LOCKS HIGH SCHOOL.

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A Business Course at the Windsor Locks High School is very beneficial to a pupil who does not intend or who is not in a position to go any higher in the line of education, because by taking this course a pupil receives a thorough training in all that is necessary to equip him for a position in the business world. The subjects taught are the same as those taught in any up-to-date business college, and many of the latest and best mechanical devices are used. The subjects, bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting, English, spelling, correspondence, commercial law and commercial arithmetic are taught by competent teachers. Pupils are given instruction which will be of great service to them when they are working in offices.

By means of this Commercial Course the children of the town are able to take a course at the Windsor Locks High School instead of being obliged to pay tuition to attend some business college. The town wishes to have as many children as possible attend the local High School and so, because it offers a good business course, the per cent. of attendance is increased. The business men of the town find it a great help to have a school from which they can secure the services of bookkeepers and stenographers who have been given the best of training.

The pupils, graduating from the Windsor Locks High School who have taken the Commercial Course, are able to go into any office and do the work satisfactorily. This has been proven by the members of the va-

rious classes who have taken this course in the High School.

About fifty per cent. of the pupils going to our High School take the Commercial Course, so you see the importance of having an efficient Business Course.

The advantages of taking a Business Course at the High School are many; it makes a pupil accurate and eager to get all he can out of life by means of the training he has received. Many excellent positions are open for any one with a good understanding of stenography and typewriting. At present the United States Government is looking for capable young men and women to fill vacancies at the Capitol at Washington. So, do you not see what a good Commercial Course in this or any High School is a help to "Uncle Sam?" Especially at a time like this when our government needs every available man and woman, everyone must "lend a hand."

John P. Byrne, '18.

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An interesting feature of the Friday rhetorical exercises on April 5th, was an informal discussion, by six members of the Sophomore Class, of the question: "After the war immigration from all foreign countries should be greatly restricted, and the rules and requirements for naturalization should be much more stringent than in recent years." Douglas Coffin, Carl Larson and Nady Compaine spoke for the affirmative against their worthy classmates, Malcolm MacDonald, Herbert Poulter and Margaret Root, speakers for the negative. At the beginning it promised to be a cold, formal argument, but when the speakers were well into it, the mercury started to rise. The rebuttals were of the most interest, containing humor and philosophy enough to satisfy the most ambitious of Sophomores. The rest of the High School, especially the Freshmen, seemed highly elated while the Sophs were tearing each other to pieces in a heated wrangle. The judges, Mrs. Leary, Miss Granger and Mrs. Johnson, favored the negative with their decision.

Fred W. Warns, '19.



Writers have presented to us thru their works, types of individuals more or less characteristic of human nature the world over. Many of these characters are so well known that they have come to be used as descriptive adjectives or as adverbs. If one says, "That fellow is a Shylock," his meaning is unmistakable. Following is a short story in which the proper adjective idea has been perhaps overdone, but which should afford an interesting study in the application of past literary types to present writing.

Editor.

### THE DESCENT.

They appeared on the summit of a steep rocky hill, mounted on donkeys, and suddenly stopped as if they had come to the brink of a precipice.

"Oh, what scenery de Venus this is!" exclaimed Count Bassanio Gioto, in an exalting tone. "For my part, I should make my dwelling place upon this cliff, retire from Antonian existence and spend my remaining years in Gil Blas life."

"What adventure is it now!" exclaimed his wife, Murdstonically. "I thought you were going to Sorrento to find a species of fish to add to the ugliness and extravagance of your conservatory?"

"Truly, my dear Dulcenia, but one tires of that."

"And I am tired of you. Why you are called by no name other than Count Gioto, the bug-catcher, and I have even seen a cartoon of you with an insect net in your hand, ready to catch a kangaroo."

"Enough of that my cousins," interrupted Alphonse, the Bryanist. "I believe that is Sorrento at the foot of this hill, but how are we going to get there, and what are you going to do, Gioto?"

"To be sure it is," responded Florence, who was one of the train.

"All we'll have to do is descend the pathway yonder. It will be difficult, I must admit, but we have sure footed donkeys and newly shod," was the Count's Micawber reply.

"But the descent is impossible. see the clay and slime and the rocky path," warned Alphonse. "I say it is impossible. You're a fool if you attempt, Gioto."

"Now you stand and parley," cried the Countess, knitting her dark brows and casting such a look upon them that if Gioto had not been her husband and accustomed to those fair glances, he surely would have turned away with the disgust of Clifford Pyncheon, for our Count was a man who loved happy, smiling faces, being almost a

Falstaf himself. As for Alphonse, neither Dora's weeping nor Jove's thunderbolts could penetrate his heart of Pharaoh or his Goliathian carcass.

If there is anyone here who wishes to turn back," continued the Countess, "let him come, for I shall not go a step farther."

"That is surprising from you. I have always pictured you as a woman of Rebecca mind and will power," said her husband, not without disgust.

This was one of the few Rowenian spots of the Countess's character for she was never known to lack the trait of Hardicanute, for that was the essential part of her, she was as hard as Flint.

"Well, then we go, since you say it's all right but if anything happens to me," she said waving her forefinger at him, "You'll regret it, Count Bassanio Gioto."

"We'll settle it right here Gioto," interrupted Alphonse with Napolianic strategy. "There are seven of us, you can take care of the ladies, I'll see to the safety of the rest. Start the march Bassanio and I'll lead my squad."

Upon that they started down the narrow path. The Count rather than clearing the way served as a blockade, for he was much too stout to get through some of the passages. This aggravated the Countess beyond expression. She dug the spurs, Don Quixote fashion, so deeply into the beast, that the donkey darted past the Count, lost its footing and slipped into the clay bank. The Countess, instead of clinging to the beast and balancing herself, reeled forward, and fell off the donkey's back.

"Help," she screamed.

Oh, what a Saint Antoine clamor arose!

The Count, lacking the swiftness of Mercury, however, scrambled off his horse and ran to his wife's assistance.

"Grab hold of my riding whip," he cried, waving the tip at her; and in the attempt to reach her, he leaned over so far that the ground under him gave way, and he fell sprawling into the wet clay.

In the meantime Alphonse, seeing the situation, seeing the situation, said to himself in his Dunsey craftiness, "I'll escape this, and as a pretext I'll say I'm going to call the townspeople to their assistance." With this he quietly left.

What followed, we can easily say, were the worst of Xanthippean jibes, but the Count could not take refuge in Rip Van Winkle wanderings and was forced to carry the burden like an Atlas.

Nady L. Compaine, '20.



### LES ÉCOLES FRANCAISES

On appelle les écoles de la France les collèges ou lycées, et ils correspondent à nos high schools ou academies. À ces collèges il y a souvent des élèves très jeunes, qui seraient dans nos grammar schools.

En France il y a des choses dans le système de l'éducation qui sont très différents de notre système américain. Les garçons et les filles ne sont pas dans la même école, excepté dans celles des tout petits villages.

Les petits enfants vont aux écoles maternelles. Il y en a trois sortes, les écoles libres, les écoles municipales, et les écoles congreganistes. Quand un enfant a atteint l'âge de six ans, il entre dans une école primaire. Les enfants des pauvres vont aux écoles primaires municipales qui sont tout à fait gratuites.

Quand les élèves ont fini l'école primaire, ils peuvent aller aux écoles primaires supérieures. Ici on leur donne le diplôme appelé le brevet élémentaire. Puis ils peuvent entrer dans l'école normale, et à l'aide du brevet supérieur ils peuvent aller aux écoles normales supérieures, et devenir des professeurs des écoles normales.

Les sujets qu'on étudie sont en général les mêmes que chez nous. Les élèves

choisissent entre l'enseignement classique et le moderne. Après avoir passé le baccalauréat, les étudiantes entrant dans l'université. À Paris on va à la Sorbonne ou au Collège de France. Pour les classes ouvrières il y a des cours municipaux qui sont entièrement gratuits. On y apprend les langues vivantes, la botanique, la zoologie, le chant, et une infinité d'autres sujets. Ceux qui ont reçu le diplôme de ces classes et des classes de premier secours aux blessés ont leur organisation sous le nom de "Secouristes Français."

En général le système de l'éducation en France est très différent que le système américain.

Anna Oates, '19.

April 19, the annual Junior Prize Essay Contest took place in the Main room of the High School. There were twelve members of the Junior Class who took part, and each one did so well that the judges, Rev. G. M. Grady, Rev. Carl Smith and Mr. J. D. Outerson, had more than usual difficulty in deciding who should receive the prizes. They finally came to the conclusion that the first prize of \$5 should be awarded to May Nugent, and the second prize of \$2.50 to Fred Warns. The Junior Class is to be congratulated upon their fine performance.

Helen Shepard, '20.

## COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Salutatory and Essay, "Is It Any Wonder?"

John P. Byrne

Chemistry and Its Relation to the Present War,

Henry L. Cutler

Great Struggles for Democracy,

Aguinaldo C. Migliora

Essay on Class Motto,

Irene Gourley

Presentation of Gift to School,

Aguinaldo C. Migliora

Acceptance,

May Nugent, '19

Valedictory and Essay, "The Liberal Education,"

Jarvis M. Morse



## SALUTATORY AND ESSAY.

## "Is It Any Wonder."

Parents, Teachers, and Friends, in behalf of the Class of 1918, I extend to you a most hearty and cordial welcome.

Parents, you who have made it possible for us to pursue our education; Teachers, you who have done your utmost that we might gain that education, and so lay a foundation for later success; Members of the Board of Education, you who have been ever ready to furnish us with all the necessary advice and who have ever been friends and supporters of our school; Friends, you who have shown highest interest in the school and the school work; we greet you all here to-night with the greatest joy.

To-night as I look into the faces of the many friends and well-wishers of our graduating class, my thoughts go back to the beginning of our High School career. It is then that I fully comprehend the meaning of this great gathering of pleasant and familiar faces; it is then that my heart goes out in gratitude to those who looked out for our every need during the past four years.

Always, we hear a great deal about the hard work which boys and girls do to attain an education, but there is sometimes less said about the unselfishness of the parents who often sacrifice a great deal more than we ever know, in order that their children may have a better chance in the world than they had.

So, again, on this our Commencement night, we greet you all, Members of the Board of Education, Parents, Teachers, and Friends, and heartily welcome you to these exercises which will be the last in which we, the Class of 1918 of the Windsor Locks High School, will participate.

After watching the great conflict in Europe for nearly three years, we Americans are now, as a Democratic people, fighting upon what we know to be the side of freedom and justice.

Three years we waited! Is it any wonder that we delayed so long? Were we afraid to become one of the combatants in this world struggle? Never! We are Americans, and Americans are not cowards! We, after living nearly two hundred years in Freedom, could not realize at this late day that any nation would be insane enough to try to establish a world supremacy, we could not believe that such

madmen existed anywhere in the world, and is it any wonder that we could not believe it? We had lived under a Democracy too long to believe ambition for world dominion anything but madness. Could we not see the right and wrong of the war long before April, 1917? Of course we could, and we knew without any question upon which side our sympathies were. Perhaps, we thought it would be a shorter war than it has proved to be, because we as a democratic people found it practically impossible to realize the colossal stupidity and obstinacy of the Prussians,—impossible to realize that the Kaiser was actually planning to conquer the entire world as Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Theodor, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon had planned before him. These men dreamed of World Wide Empire, but they failed—failed completely at the last. Will the Prussians fail? That question must yet be answered by the men who are now fighting for us on the battlefields of France, men who are determined that that question shall be answered and answered right.

Is it any wonder that America is determined to answer that question? For is it any wonder that we are what we are,—steady, sturdy, determined that all men shall have their rights? How was this government of our founded? Under what conditions and hardships did early American settlers live that Democracy might have its being? To answer these questions, look at some of the outstanding features of our three hundred years of American life. At Provincetown, where the people of New England first landed, houses were built by later settlers on sand, which was their enemy, never their friend, for it drifted from the shifting hills like snow and more than once threatened to destroy their homes. Whenever a strong wind came up, it carried the sand with it, sometimes burying houses and frequently causing damage enough to greatly discourage the men and women who so far from home were trying so hard to wrest a living from this new western land. But their determination to succeed helped the early settlers to overcome the natural conditions of their situation. Earth was brought in vessels from a distance and laid around the houses and this earth was later cultivated into lawns and gardens. Always the Colonists remembered that they had left their comfortable homes and the people they loved to settle in a wilderness inhabited by Indians and wild beasts in order that they



might be free to govern themselves and to have freedom of worship.

Is it any wonder that we, to-day, love and cherish the freedom that was won at such a cost? Over half the settlers who came over that first fall were in their graves by spring; they either died of privation or were massacred by the Indians. But when spring came and they had the chance to return, not one who remained would consent to go back to their old land or their old homes. Far from it! They were all the more determined to stand by their faith. And what courage they had to have! It is told that when any of them died that first winter, that each grave was carefully levelled and sown with grain, in order to conceal from the Indians the extent of the losses of the Colonists, lest the savages take advantage of their weakness and attempt to exterminate them entirely. But such hardships only made these brave pioneers the more determined to build up a strong democratic government in their western home.

To-day the nations of the world see America, not the young, struggling colony which I have just shown you, but a big, powerful nation—prosperous, peace loving, liberty loving, justice loving, ready to befriend weaker nations, to secure Democracy for everyone, even while we have no desire to force it upon anyone. What nation like ours could to-day stand idly by and see Belgium crushed by Autocracy, or France bleeding at the hands of Prussian terrorism? This is one of the reasons why we, Americans that we are, are now participating in this great struggle. We could not stand by any longer and see Autocracy trying to rule the world. We had played the part of a spectator long enough, we had to change our role, and in every sense of the word we had to "get into" the struggle. We had to? Do you ask, why? Why did we, peace loving Americans, the Americans who had been warned by Washington to avoid entangling European alliances, we, the espousers of the Monroe Doctrine, why did we have to enter the great world struggle? Is it any wonder that we had to? We could not keep out of it. Why not? Because, as President Wilson said: "This flag which we honor and under which we serve would have been dishonored had we withheld our hand;" because we are our brother's keeper; because we believe sincerely in the Monroe Doctrine and its application; because we believe in the rights of neutrals; because we know that God is on our side as he

will ever be on the side of right and justice.

And thus be it ever, when free-men shall stand

Between their loved homes and grim war's desolation.

Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto: In God is our Trust.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

John P. Byrne, '18.

#### CHEMISTRY AND ITS RELATION TO THE PRESENT WAR.

Chemistry is a branch of natural science. It deals with the properties of matter, with the changes which affect the composition of matter together with numerous laws and theories which govern those changes, and with the manufacture of a vast number of different substances indispensable to the welfare of mankind.

Chemistry is an exact science, yet it offers to all who are really interested in it an excellent opportunity for advancement and progress by the evolution of new theories and the constant study of new combinations of chemical elements and compounds. To verify these last words we have only to go back to the past to find out what progress has been made since the time of the ancient Greeks who were our first chemists—really our first natural scientists.

Aristotle, rightly called the pioneer of natural science, was born in Thrace, 384 B. C. He made an enthusiastic though very general study of science and finally came to the conclusion that the universe is composed of four fundamental elements, fire, air, earth and water. As a pioneer of natural science he advanced in knowledge very slowly and this is only natural for he lacked implements with which to work; he had no laboratories, no books, no people with whom as equals he could work along lines of science and research. Consequently after days and years of hard toil he gained very little definite knowledge of natural science as we know it to-day, yet in the truest sense, he laid a firm foundation for later



day chemistry. Since the time of Aristotle, 2,000 years ago, a vast amount of knowledge in regard to chemistry has been acquired; then chemistry was speculative, based upon guess work; now it is built upon facts and theories that have been proven and is one of the most exact sciences known to mankind.

After the death of Aristotle, almost 2,000 years passed with very little progress in the knowledge of chemistry. Then in 1873, Lavoisier, a French scientist, called the founder of modern chemistry, evolved the explanation of fire burning and combustion. Up to this time oxygen, having only recently been isolated had never been much experimented with; but Lavoisier discovered that one of the properties of oxygen is that when united with certain other substances it causes combustion.

John Dalton was the first man to lay the foundation of theoretical chemistry. Nearly 2,200 years had passed since the Greek pioneer of natural science had finished his crude work, before any man had delved into the mysteries of possible chemical formulae with ability and persistence sufficient to bring about any noteworthy result. Such a result was attained when John Dalton evolved the atomic theory; when chemistry began indeed to assume a new aspect.

Now one might think that chemistry has to-day reached its zenith on the path of progress. But look back only 100 years; see the advancement that chemists have made in that limited time, to say nothing of the marvelous progress they have made since the time of Aristotle, then consider the words of one great student who maintains that the fields of chemistry are really limitless. The further we go the more vast, the more unlimited, appear these fields, yet unexplored, that stretch out before us. To-day if chemistry had not made its recent great strides, we would not have fine paper, soap, dynamite, powder, illuminating gas, kerosene, baking powder, bleaching powder, glass and petroleum. For all these things are due to the study and experimenting and infinite patience of students of chemistry.

So far I have tried to show you the advantages that we derive from the study, the research, the hard, unremitting toil of the patient chemists of the past. Now let me show you something else, something not so pleasant. Consider the study, the unremitting toil of the patient chemists of one nation alone, a nation who like a great crouching, malignant beast, is ready

to spring at the throat of the world. Consider what German chemists have done for their native land during the past one hundred years. They have accomplished some of the most remarkable work—they have made some of the most remarkable discoveries ever known to man. They have done wonders; they have overcome difficulties that seemed insurmountable.

For years German chemists have sought to perfect liquid fire, the most diabolical weapon of terrorism yet used on any battlefield;—a weapon which the Autocrats of Berlin fondly hoped would be of inestimable value in the war for which they were preparing. At the head of all German chemists stands the Kaiser, and his eye is over all, watching chemists in his own lands and other lands, that he may glean from every possible source knowledge that will help him in his mad career. He has had expert chemists working along different lines for over forty years, assured that thru their secret formulae he would some day overcome the world. In the war he knew to be approaching, he intended to bring out his deadly and disastrous chemicals which should destroy army after army. But he found that other nations of the world had been keeping pace with him. American chemists had been working too, and some of them now say that Germany has come to the limit of her inventive genius. Yet Germany had thought that now would be a good time to carry on an aggressive war as no other nation could get possession of her formulae or be equal to her inventive skill.

But the Kaiser has yet to learn that in spite of the wonderful organization and progress in Germany of which he is so boastful, he will some day have to admit a great failure. He has failed to take into account that other people are progressing as well as Germany, and that America, for one, is wide awake; and we must be wide awake; we must be on the lookout always, must ever do our best to overcome the cunning of German chemists. Our chemists must keep ahead of the Kaiser's men every moment. We know that Germany has now, and for years past, has had thousands of spies and conspirators thruout the United States, in fact all over the world. They have been placed in all large manufacturing plants, they are forever on the lookout for information about chemical formulae to send home to their native land, and every bit of information they obtain is just so much help to Germany and so much deadly injury to our United States.



Yet as there is a silver lining to every cloud, so in this case there is one ray of light in the darkness. Not all Germans in the United States are spies and conspirators—there are a good many that are at heart loyal to our government. See what has happened only recently in New York city, the city of which it has been said that somewhere it is a hot-bed of Kaiserism.

The chemists' club of New York, the strongest scientific association in the United States and one which might be supposed to have pro-German proclivities, has requested all its members to comply with the following resolutions: First, That the German language shall not be used in conversation in the club. Second, That all disloyal criticism of the United States Government, or its allies in the present war, must be avoided in the club, and that any member whether an American citizen or not, whose sympathies favor the enemies of this country, is requested to resign.

Upon facts like these our hopes for the future is based—and may that hope never fail!

Henry L. Cutler, '18.

## GREAT STRUGGLES FOR DEMOCRACY.

Democracy, and Liberty are the two watchwords of America to-day, as they have always been of the America of the past. Democracy, that great and glorious word, possesses an equally great and glorious meaning. It means, a Government of the people, by the people and for the people; a Government which Abraham Lincoln said, "shall not perish from the earth."

The first struggle for Democracy which the world ever witnessed was our American Revolution. Great Britain had oppressed the American Colonists, and had levied upon them taxes which had forced the Americans to resent her injustice. Protests proved to be of no avail against obstinacy which could not see very far into the future. Matters grew worse until finally on April 19, 1775, war was declared between the Colonies and England. That famous man, whom we call The Father of His Country, George Washington, commanded our armies and after great sufferings and privations on the part of himself as well as all of his country-men, defeated the British Army and forced them to surrender in Yorktown, in 1783. Thus was kindled in America a spark of Democracy that was destined never to be extinguished or

dimmed—that was destined to burn on and on every year clearer and brighter.

The next great struggle for Democracy was the French Revolution. Louis XVI, then King of France, together with the corrupt and arrogant French nobility, had so oppressed his subjects that on May 5, 1789—there occurred a great uprising of the people in the city of Paris. This uprising, fed by flames of hot resentment against tyranny and injustice grew swiftly into a revolution. Led by courageous spirits, the peasants of France stormed the Bastille, set free hundreds of poor people who had long been unjustly confined in dark noisome dungeons, and later took the nobility prisoners. These prisoners, many of them Aristocrats, as the peasants called them, were guillotined. On July 27, 1794, a new form of government was set up which was called the French Republic. To-day, France, the second nation to throw off the tyrants' yoke, is in truth America's Sister Republic.

To-day, we are witnessing the greatest struggle for Democracy that the world has ever seen. All the great freedom loving nations of the earth are involved in this great world combat, to protect their honor and principles against the Central Powers, at whose head stands that group of oppressors of justice and human liberty—The Autocrats of Berlin.

On August 14, 1914, Germany declared a war for which she had no reason except a frenzied ambition to rule the entire world. She invaded Belgium, because Belgium was the shortest route to Paris and England. But brave little Belgium stood by her ideals of freedom and justice and refused to let the Huns pass, at least without a struggle. Then the mailed fist spread terror and devastation thruout their country. Belgium with her little army could not defeat the Germans, but she halted them long enough to give France and England a chance to get their men to the scene of action.

France came next in the march of increasing destruction and for a while fared the same as Belgium. Peaceful citizens, harmless women, and children were massacred or deported from their country to work on farms in Germany. America's honor was imposed upon, and we were drawn into the mighty conflict. Our soldiers and sailors are already in the fray. Thousands upon thousands of men have been and will be slain for this cause,—The Cause of Democracy and Liberty, against Autocracy and Oppression.

Whence comes this mad ambition of the



Autocrats of Berlin to rule the world? Has such a thing ever been known before? Can Wilhelm Hohenzollern look into the mirror of history and see there anyone like himself, driven, obsessed by a frenzied will to dominate all the earth and find a place in the sun? Look into that mirror of history and you will see five men who sought to dominate the world by force, by terrorizing, but all failed. Their names have come down to us in history and their cruelties will never be forgotten.

Kaiser Wilhelm said, "From childhood, I have known the influence of five men, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Theodor, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. Each dreamed of world empire, and each in turn failed. I, too, have dreamed of German world domain, and my mailed fist shall succeed." But the time shall come when as Kaiser Wilhelm looks to these men for inspiration in his mad course he shall not see the haughty Roman, not the proud Frenchman, not the young Macedonian, but a grinning death's head—the mockery of all his insane ambitions and then, no longer haughty, but beaten down and conquered, he shall turn wearily from all thoughts of past and present with the words.—After all, what's the use?

Abraham Lincoln said in 1864 in speaking of another war for freedom, "We accepted this war for a worthy object—and the war will end when that object is attained. Under God, I hope it will not end until that time." That same spirit lives to-day. Our soldiers will never give up until their object is attained.

"And we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, and that government of the people, by the people, and for all the people shall not perish from the earth."

Aguinaldo C. Migliora, '18.

#### CLASS MOTTO.

*Aut Inveniam Viam Aut Faciam.* (I will Either Find A Way Or Make One.) These are the words which we, the Class of 1918, have chosen for our motto. These words are symbolic of the spirit with which our boys and girls are about to go out into the world to wrest from it not merely a living, not merely something by means of which we may continue to realize our right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—but a way to something worth while.

What is the goal of that "way" which

we are to find, and if we are unable to find, we are determined to make? That is a question which every school boy and girl must answer sometime. If you were to ask this question of one hundred different people, probably ninety of them would answer—"success." What is success anyway? Success may be defined as vigilance in watching opportunity, tact and daring in seizing opportunity,—force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement. These are the martial virtues which command success.

People born with the traditional gold spoon in their mouths seldom attain real success. They are blest with riches; they have had given them the best education that money could buy; they have social position; yet they do not attain real success. Why? Because they do not know the meaning of high endeavor, of earnest exertion.

Charles M. Schwab, newly appointed President of the Shipping Board and President of the Carnegie Steel Company at Bethelhem says, "The rich man's son enters life with a handicap. Not only the handicap which a fortune is, because it deprives him of the necessity to progress and expand, but the handicap of never being able to appreciate what he's got. For everything in life that's worth while is ten times more worth while when we yearn and work and climb for it. \* \* \* But the men who reap success are not the men who aim to accumulate millions; they are the men who aim to do one thing: to do it better than anyone else can do it; to take it up from the very beginning and push it through to the end. That is what makes success."

There are thousands of men who are holding high positions in the world to-day who have started in life as poor children, and perhaps they had a handicap greater even than poverty. Is it a misfortune to be poor at the start? Garfield says, "Poverty is uncomfortable as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself."

Of such a shining example is Thomas Alva Edison. He was born of Dutch parentage in Milan, Erie County, Ohio. When he was but seven years of age the family fortunes suffered such serious reverses that it was necessary for him to become a wage-earner, and for the family to move from his birthplace to Michigan. He was a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway of Detroit; he practiced telegraphy; he did



everything he could to earn a living. Now we see him one of the most famous men in the world. How did he win success? By hard work and perseverance. Thomas Edison did not find a way, he made it.

Let us turn from Edison and consider the humble road to remarkable success trod by a poor boy, born about seventy years ago, on Cape Cod. He left his home to seek his fortune in Boston, with but four dollars in his pocket—all he had in the world. On reaching the city he set out to find work. After a day's fruitless search he was strongly tempted to return home, but his stout heart rose in rebellion against the thought. He said to himself, "If I can't find a situation, I will make one." And he did. He found a board which he converted into an oyster stand on the corner of the street. He borrowed a wheelbarrow, went to an oyster smack some distance away, purchased three bushels of the hivalves, and wheeled them to his stand. He was successful in his business, and soon had enough money to purchase a horse and a cart. He also removed his business into a convenient room, where the first day he made seventeen dollars. From that time on he continued to enlarge his business rapidly, taking on other departments, and adding daily to his property. This is the story of the late Isaac Rich, Boston millionaire. He made a situation that he could not find.

I have given you two examples of men who have made a way in the world, made it in spite of obstacles and handicaps that might well have daunted a brave heart. History is full of just such examples, some well known, some obscure, but all worth considering. Would you have more of these examples? Then consider:—

Sir Isaac Newton spent long years on an intricate calculation, and his papers having been destroyed by his dog, Diamond, he cheerfully began to replace them.

Carlyle, after lending the manuscript of the "French Revolution" to a friend, whose servant carelessly used it to kindle a fire, calmly went to work and rewrote it.

Richard Arkwright, founder of cotton manufacture in England, began life by shaving people in a cellar at a penny a shave.

George Stephenson worked fifteen long years for his first successful locomotive.

There are many more men whose names might well be given at this time—but I believe you have heard enough to see how

true are the words of our motto: "I will either find a way, or make one."

What has been done by others we can do. Let us resolve to-night to put forth our very best effort to achieve success in the profession which we have chosen. Let us "either find a way or make one!"

And so we may learn our lesson—"If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius."

Irene Gourley, '18.

### PRESENTATION OF GIFT TO SCHOOL.

We, the class of 1918, following the example of classes that have before us graduated from the Windsor Locks High School, have voted to present to our school a class gift.

Just at this time when American spirits are in their highest pitch, we as a class have decided that it would be most fitting and patriotic, to present to our school, a portrait of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. This portrait shall be hung in the Main Room of the High School. We desire it to be hung there that it may serve as an inspiration to you in coming days when war clouds are lowering and all seems dark and gloomy. Then may you look at our President's face, and find the help you need.

We chose President Wilson's picture as our class gift, because he, our President, is teaching the world a lesson, the lesson of "Justice," and because he is a great man, well educated, strong in character, and calm in storm.

He is an example to the Young American to-day. He kept us out of the war as long as he honorably could, until all hopes of peace were gone, then spoke those words which set the American on fire. "The time has come to conquer or submit. For us there is but one choice, we have made it."

Aguinaldo C. Migliora, '18.

A freeze is a highly ornamental border.

Judge—You are accused of default in payment of that poultry bill.

No sah, it wasn't de fault of nobody but de chicken.



### ACCEPTANCE OF CLASS GIFT.

Members of the Class of 1918:—

In presenting us this splendid picture of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, you have paid a valued honor to your Alma Mater, and a fitting tribute to the illustrious man whose messages have been read and commented upon in all our schools as being the most perfect charter of human rights.

I am indeed happy to have been chosen to express the sincere and deep gratitude of the Faculty and Undergraduates of the Windsor Locks High School for this gift which shall always serve as an inspiration to us that we may ever strive to emulate our President's noble qualities.

"He spake and into every heart his words carried new strength and courage." May some of that strength and courage be ours in the coming years.

May Nugent, '19.

### VALEDICTORY AND ESSAY.

#### The Liberal Education.

Education has been a favorite topic with high school graduates for two reasons;—its close relation to the thought expressed in Commencement, and its vitality of interest. For these two reasons, and especially the latter, education is the theme of my discussion to-night.

Truly it is a complex subject, manifesting itself in countless forms, the classical being the one which has had the longest period of sway. This has been the type which has moulded generations of thinkers from whose labor we have received the privilege of living in a more rational world than that in which our grandfathers lived. This has been the type which has made the men who have built up the world system of national intercourse and of trade, and the national systems of government. Following such a wide-spread advancement has come a natural broadening of educational ideas—a gradual departure from established classic principles, and an expansion into a freer field, called liberal. For those who would have an exact definition of a liberal education, it is, concisely this—the study of subjects not directly related to the pursuing of one's intended profession. Thus, a future civil engineer is

receiving a liberal education when he studies history and languages, and a future Latin teacher is receiving a liberal education when he studies stenography and bookkeeping. Under the present day motto of "Efficiency," one is eager to condemn the study of subjects for which there will be no direct use. Should it be condemned? Has the liberal education a real worth now, in June 1918? My answer is "Yes!"

Is it not fitting that I should take an extreme position on this question, that I should urge universal adoption. The middle course is most often the safest, and that is the one I purpose to follow, asking only for a fair consideration of the value of a liberal education. Assuredly it is not the best course for everyone since we are not all made alike. A great many cannot afford to attend high school or college, while others go merely because of the prestige to be gained thru graduation. For these, vocational training has been specially adapted. However, it is not my intention to discredit vocational training, but to show that the liberal education must not be abandoned as a relic of the past—both forms are needed in order to give a fine balance to the educational system. The Tom Browns of England studied nothing but classics, and the Tom Browns of the United States threaten to study nothing but vocations.

Now you ask, "Is not the earning of bread and butter the most important thing anyway?" To be sure it is the most important thing! Unhappy indeed is the man who cannot earn his own livelihood, yet I wonder how much less unhappy is he who cannot satisfy the inevitable longing for a life of mental activity. Because of this one-sidedness, vocational training is too narrow to become the educational standard.

Consider with me now the four agents by which a liberal education brings about better social development.

The first is a broad outlook cultivated thru the study of history. I do not contend that Ancient History is valuable in itself; it is not. There is not a thing much more useless than a collection of facts memorized about Menes, Sennacherib, Khufu, Artaxerxes and other old worthies of equally unpronounceable names, bringing with them visions of mummies and tombstones. Still there is a benefit to be gained from history, and that is the insight it gives into the civil and national problems which perplexed our ancestors. We ourselves, if we study history intelligently, will have our paths to



public-spirited and patriotic service made much easier for us because of a knowledge of the failures and the successes of those men, the accounts of whose lives go to make up that often wrongly despised subject of Ancient History.

The second point is the importance of languages. What, may I ask, is the foundation of all education; science, history mathematics? No! None of these! Of what use is science without language, or history without means of recording it? If then, language is the core of education, surely it deserves attention. Probably now there is objection on the ground that classic tongues, Latin and Greek, are dead and buried and consequently of no use, but Greek is still spoken to-day, and Latin, altho dead relatively speaking, is alive with uses. Doctors, lawyers, druggists, and ministers all use Latin. So do the people who speak Italian, Spanish, French, Portuguese, and, to a smaller extent, English. Latin may be a dead language, but its ashes have been widely scattered, and, for my part, I prefer to become acquainted with it at the start rather than to be meeting unknown ghosts at every turn. These numerous related tongues can be learned separately, yet how much more easily they may be acquired if their common source has first been mastered. Then, for one who is not intending a study of foreign languages, a working knowledge of Latin is invaluable because of its enlarging influence up English vocabulary.

The third asset is the power of independent thinking, reflective thinking it is called. According to the advocates of New Methods of education, algebra and geometry are useless studies except to a very few individuals. Possibly this is true. I seriously doubt if any bewildered housewife will ever have to struggle with the problem of selling half an egg more than half her eggs, then half an egg more than half the remainder, in order to have one left; or any enthusiastic dancer stop to consider that a straight line is the shortest path between two points; nevertheless such propositions as these develop the faculty of thinking, real thinking, no whether  $x$  is equal to  $y$  plus  $z$ , but whether bookkeeping or printing is a more desirable occupation. Of all the mind stimulants, mathematics, and especially geometry, holds first place.

Three sides of the square of liberal education have been treated; what of the fourth! It is that side which should be easily understood in war times for it is no other than discipline, the same sort of

discipline that makes effective armies, only this time applied to the serried furrows of the brain instead of to the ranks of Kaiser Wilhelm. Indisputable is the need for mental discipline; but often misinterpreted the method of procuring it. It is, not a study of those subjects which are easy, or appealing, or interesting, but a good, long, hard, continuous application to Latin prose, French verbs, geometry originals, and algebra problems. After a thoro drill in these studies, not possessing value in themselves, but being only a means to an end, the mind will have been changed from an ordinarily sluggish hinderance into an effective, active power.

These, briefly stated, are the four advantages to be derived from a liberal education. Let us come back once more to the middle path and compare the two types of education as they are shown to us this year, 1918. On the one side is Vocational Training, championed by Germany, the nation of absolute science and perfect efficiency, but a worldly, Godless existence.

Her men are trained by vocation for war, and by vocation for peace; trained by vocation for making of everything from the pen to the sword. She has reached the very summit of vocational training; but to what end? On the other side stand England, France, the United States; lead by such men as Lloyd-George, Viviani, Woodrow Wilson, champions of the same principles as those for which the liberal education strives. Surely these nations, and these men, are not guded by narrow principles of business and gain! This is where vocation training falls down in its attempt to drive out the liberal education. Where is the vocation that makes character?

These two belong together, liberal and vocational, both essential, neither all-sufficient, the liberal being the great producer of mental power and moral character, the force which will bring about the time when nation shall no longer war against nation and peoples against peoples. Long be the life, and prosperous the career of the Cause of Liberal Education!

The formal ceremony of Valedictory has been established by custom as the final duty of a graduating class to the school it is leaving. Such a ceremony is but the symbol of leave-taking; a symbol which expresses good will and fellowship between teacher and pupil; pride at the attainment of the second step toward the goal of education; and readiness for beginning the harder task which is to follow. To-night



it is my honor and privilege to perform, in the presence of you who are gathered here, this public expression of farewell.

To the Members of the School Board, to Supervising Principal Jackson, and to the Members of the Faculty, in behalf the Class of 1918, I wish to extend our sincere appreciation of the service that you have rendered us, and of the sacrifice that you have made that we may be fitted for carrying a heavier burden and assuming a greater responsibility because of your endeavors.

Members of the High School—We regret that this is our last meeting together. May you, with the assurance of our friendship and sympathy, successfully complete the remainder of your high school career.

Classmates—Behind us lie many days of pleasant work together, and before us—everything. Let us not dwell on the past, but let us look forward, ready and eager to fight our own battles, and resolved, each one of us, either to find or make a way that will do honor to the Windsor Locks High School.

I bid you farewell.

Jarvis M. Morse, '18.

### THE EDITORS' VACATION DAY.

Whew! We editors have had one big job of it this time! We've read over sixty-one copy pages of oratorical spoutings about theories of education, principles of government, formulae, of the ancient chemists, and beliefs in a life beyond the grave. (Such is the light character of Commencement essays.) Our minds have finally relapsed into a condition described by the Class Historian of '18 as a "state of aberration," and by another authority as a "state of mush." Our thinking machines have been liquified sure enough, and if you don't believe it, just read a little further. We have attempted to describe five High School celebrities, but our brains, being, as we have said, in an unsolid condition, the names slipped us. You will have to guess them.

1. A delicate little flower is she,  
Slim, and singing blithely,  
May her beauties ne'er forsake,  
Nor her letter packet break.
2. (Listen now!) "Schwisszz, schwisch,  
ashions—is your cow sick—asions!"
3. Is it really a curious freak of Nature or Fate that a negro should be named

Mr. White, and a person stationary in height be called ——!

4. "Cluck, cluck, sputter! Come on with that book there, what do you think this is? Get out o' here or I'lls slam you one! Come on!"

5. It is the one who would like to be "it" but cannot; so she must carry on and bluster, a truly Junior Brownie Buster.

Hold on Jonathan, this nameless business is too wearisome. Let's have some names, and plenty of them.

Some day John will Byrne with grief and pity for Genevieve if Henry should Cutler, and then perhaps being Eager, he will lay a Violet on her grave.

But after all, Fred Warns us that Myles Bi-ard-li old enough to become a Sophomore next year, and that Miss Root Isabelle—about both of which facts, Joseph will not Holler-an-ything.

"If we were to have a picnic, would we go to Helen Groves?"

"Suppose that Jack C. should permanently remove to Hartford; would May get a Nu-gent?"

"Helen is my Shepard, I shall not want, she leadeth me——er—a——never mind where.

Well I swan! If our brains haven't run out."

Somehow, Graduation essays have a sort of sameness to them. The lack of originality seems to grow greater and greater each year until we fear that the limit will be reached, (in spite of Algebra) when there will be no originality at all. Then, to avert this calamity, we offer here a Model of a Commencement Essay which will be preserved and prove a life saver to future graduates when they shall be shipwrecked on the shore of "Desert Dryness."

Dear Friends:—As I see your welcome faces to-night, a feeling of indescribable sadness comes over me for I realize that this is our last meeting here as a class in the high school. For four long years we have toiled upward along the path of knowledge, spending many happy days under the instruction of our devoted teachers who have so heroically endeavored to breathe into our minds the essence of learning.

Classmates:—As we are about to separate at the parting of the ways, let us each strive to remember the lessons we have learned in school, and thru practicing them, climb ever upward until we reach the portal of the life eternal.

"Farewell, farewell. I'll never see thee more. Farewell."



Hearty congratulations are due the High School Boys' Chorus for the fine performance of their selections at the Junior Red Cross Entertainment, May 3rd.

See this man, this noble man,  
This man so patriotic,  
He has subscribed, O, let me see,  
To Red Cross, Y. M. C. A.,  
And to Bonds of Liberty.  
But Oh. How queer. The  
Pledges were not paid!

(After Commencement) "The Faculty and Visitors may first pass out, then the Graduates may leave, and finally the Underclassmen may pass away and meet their friends below."

If there aint no such word as aint anyway, and sure we never seen it, it seems we can't hardly have decency enough not to stop here.

J. M. M., W. F. C.

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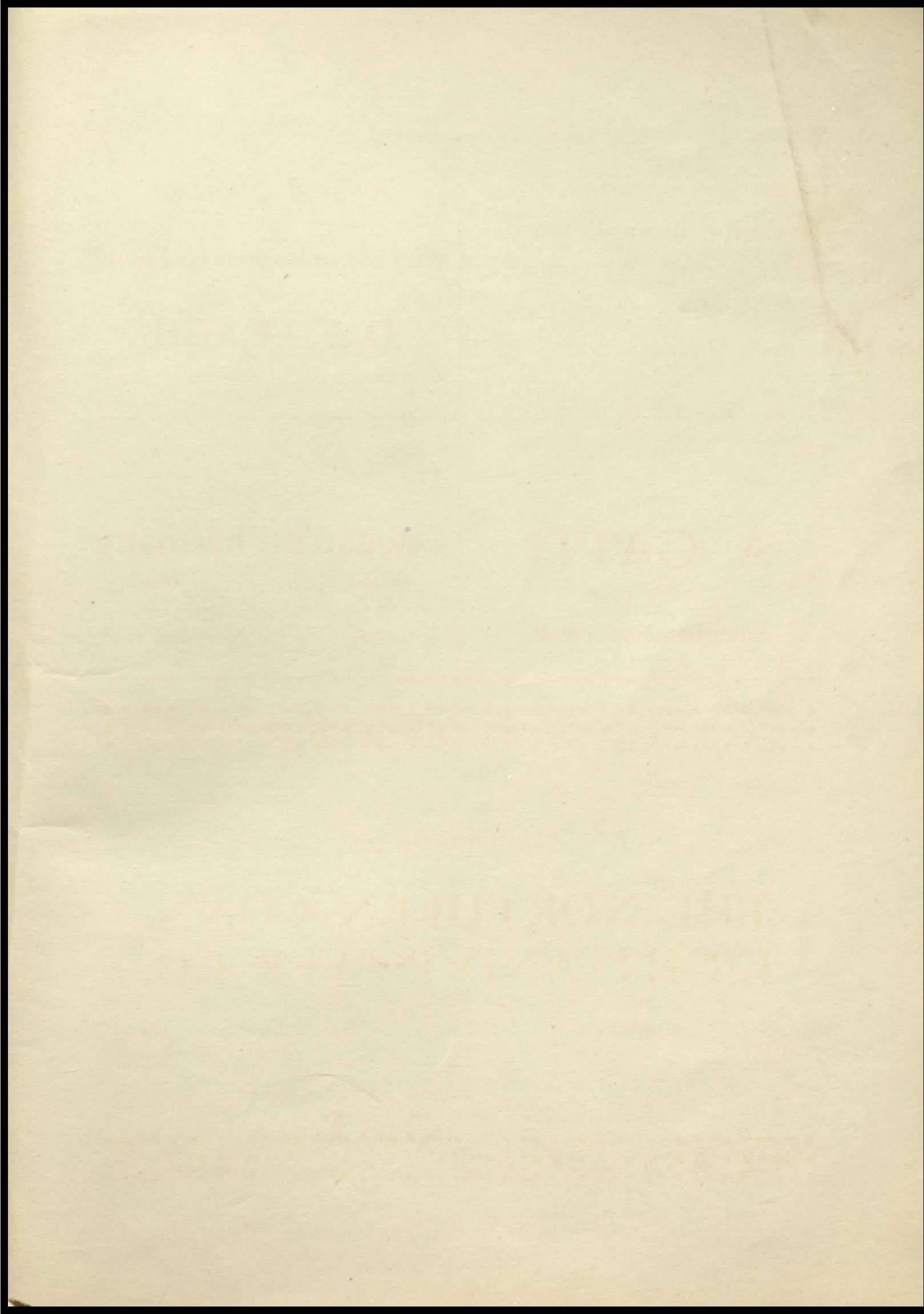
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year 1913.

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names of the persons who have  
been elected to the office of  
President of the company for the  
year 1913.

A. GATTI

Company's President

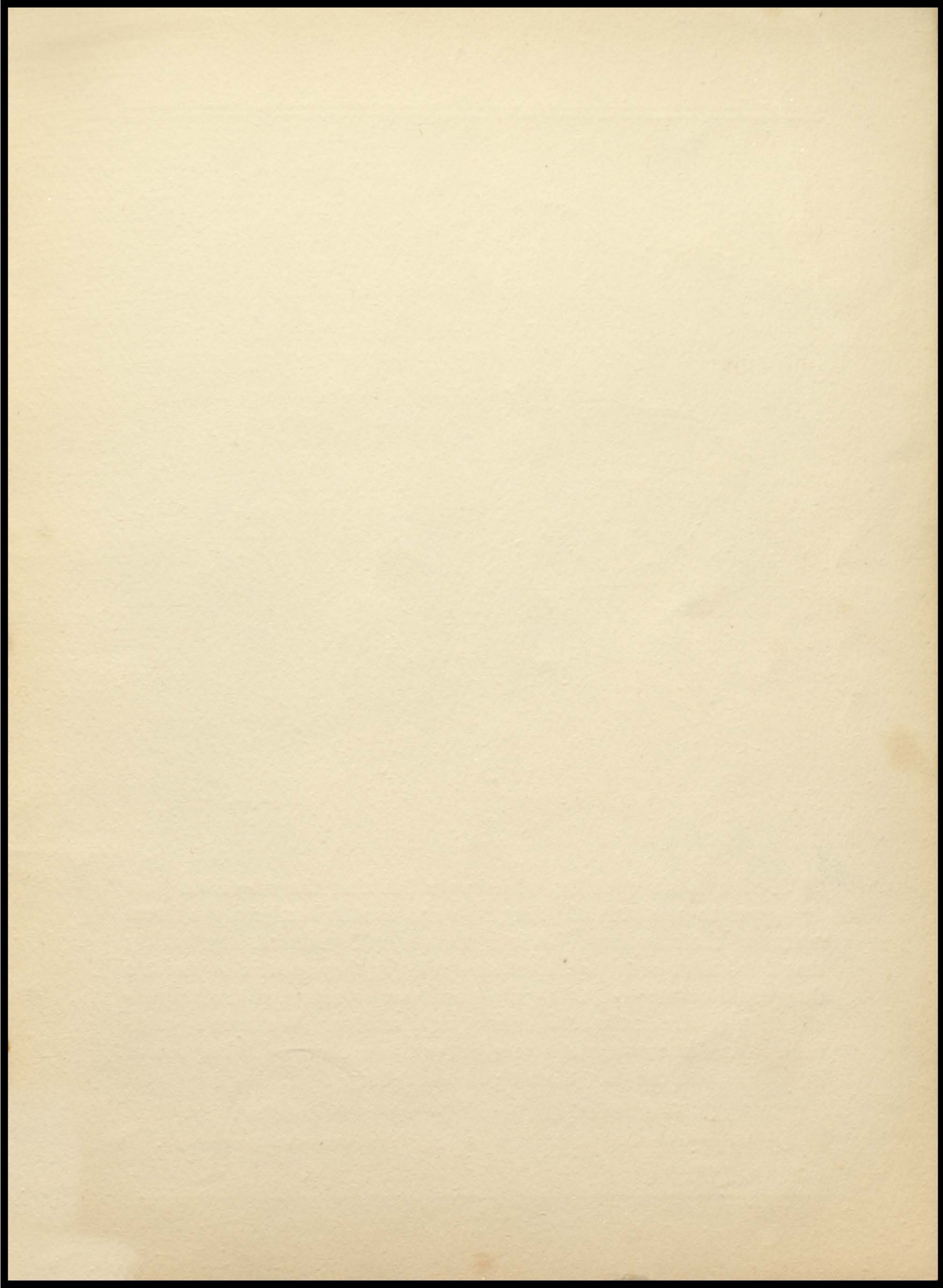
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